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Quarters

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The Revolt of High Eagle

● William Sayres

The announcement that stunned the television industry came at 9:40 a.m., July 29: High Eagle, faithful Indian friend of the Masked Scout, was on the warpath. After eight years together on radio and six on television, H. E. (as he was known to industry executives) and the Masked Scout were on the verge of a disastrous break. The trust and faith of millions of children in the sanctity of the bond between them was threatened. Since H. E. was largely responsible for the feud, he would have been replaced at once except for two facts. his voice and visage were too familiar to too many, and he let it be known that he would carry his case directly to the country's children if forced to bite the dust. The network president, a devoted family man with two children devoted to the program stars, summoned H. E. and the Masked Scout to his office.

"Now then," he said gently, "what's this all about?"

"Ask *him*," said the Masked Scout. "He's the one started it."

High Eagle, nattily dressed in a light tropical suit, glared at the Masked Scout. "Paleface know where trouble start. Paleface always top man."

"That's not my fault, H. E.," protested the Masked Scout. "That's the way it's *supposed* to be. All Western heroes have their loyal sidekicks. The whole success of the . . . the . . ."

"Relationship," supplied the president.

"Thanks, Mr. Bradley. That's it,

H. E., the *relationship*. The whole success of it depends on the sidekicks keeping their place, and . . ."

"That not democracy," interrupted High Eagle. "All men born equal. Masked Scout kill plenty men on TV who say otherwise."

"Look, H. E.," said the president, "what if all the sidekicks wanted to be top man, what kind of a relationship could you have?"

"This country land of opportunity," High Eagle said. "Sidekicks should have chance to get ahead."

"But not to take over," said the Masked Scout. "You're supposed to be my devoted helper. You're not supposed to *want* to be boss."

"High Eagle not so devoted these days. Paleface in charge long enough. Time for change."

The president pushed his chair back from the desk and wheeled closer to High Eagle. "What makes you think *you* should be in charge?"

"High Eagle know Indian country better than Masked Scout. Know horses better, know people better. High Eagle want to be fair, though. We take turns being in charge."

"Take turns?" said the president incredulously.

"That American Way," said High Eagle. "Sometimes High Eagle be Masked Scout's loyal helper, sometimes Masked Scout be High Eagle's loyal helper. That only fair."

"Now, H. E.," said the president reasonably, "you know as well as I do it wouldn't work. It'd just confuse people."

"Why pick on me?" asked the Masked Scout. "I've never been mean to you, H. E. You know I've always been good to you."

"Washington good to his slaves. That not enough. Why paleface *not* be good to High Eagle? Paleface get free loyal helper for plenty years."

"Good gosh, H. E.," said the president, "you don't expect the Masked Scout to pay his loyal helper a *salary*, do you?"

"Why not?" said High Eagle. "Masked Eagle kill plenty men try to bring over cheap labor supply from Mexico. But Masked Scout have cheapest labor supply of all. Fancy talk, but chicken boss."

"I pay you a salary, H. E.," said the president. "A pretty big one, too. You're just talking about the script. We can't write a salary into the script. Why, you've saved the Masked Scout's life many times on TV; how would it look if you wanted *pay* for that?"

"That would cheapen it," said the Masked Scout indignantly.

"Cheapen it for you, not for me," said High Eagle. "But High Eagle not want regular pay for saving life."

"You don't?" said the president, with relief.

"No," said High Eagle. "Regular pay not enough. Should get *bonus* for saving paleface life."

"Look, H. E.," said the president, "let's all go have lunch together and work this thing out."

"Lunch on paleface?" asked High Eagle.

"Yes," said the president, sighing. "Lunch on paleface."

*

"Cigar taste good," said High Eagle, blowing a cloud of smoke across the cleared table. "Lunch not bad. Only coffee terrible."

"You had three cups," the president reminded him.

"Last cup no better than first. High Eagle good sport, keep trying."

"Just between you and me, H. E.," said the president confidentially, "are you really an Indian?"

"That trade secret," said High Eagle. "Besides, talk here not just between you and me. Masked Scout look other way, but have big ears."

"I've always wondered that, too," said the Masked Scout, interested. "You could be Lebanese or something like that."

"Last time I save *your* life," High Eagle muttered. "Next time you tied to stake, High Eagle light fire."

"That dialect of yours," pursued the president. "Is it genuine? I mean, do you have to talk that way?"

"High Eagle no fool, he know what palefaces up to. You find out High Eagle not real Indian, you kickum off program. Figure High Eagle not dare make public squawk then. But High Eagle not pigeon."

The president tucked another cigar in High Eagle's coat pocket and smiled reassuringly. "Now, now, H. E.," he said, "we're square shooters."

"You plenty square," said High Eagle. "But High Eagle not fall for Indian game."

"After all," said the president, "you're protected by a contract."

"Ha!" said High Eagle scornfully. "Whole TV world know how palefaces breakum Indian treaties."

"Just hold on there, partner . . . oops, wrong series," said the Masked Scout. "I mean, let's not be hasty, my friend. Those treaties might never've been broken if it hadn't been for some drunken Indians making trouble and . . ."

"Paleface bring whisky in first

place," High Eagle said. "You get cheated so much, you feel like drinkum too. Besides, best Indians not touch whisky."

"You don't drink whisky, do you, H. E.?" asked the president curiously.

"High Eagle never dring whisky," said the loyal helper loftily. "Prefer martinis."

"I don't think we'd better write that into the script either," said the president.

"How do you like your martinis, H. E.?" asked the Masked Scout. "Three to one?"

"Pah!" said High Eagle. "Three to one, squaw drink."

"Personally," said the president, "my wife and I find a two to one mixture most satisfactory."

"Agh!" said High Eagle. "Papoose drink. Ten to one make brave bravest."

"Ten to one make brave bravest," repeated the president thoughtfully. "A friend of mine on the Seagram account might be able to use that."

"Speaking of squaws," said the Masked Scout, "tell him your other complaint, H. E."

"High Eagle treated like turnip. Not supposed to get kisses from squaws."

"Just how do you mean, H. E.?" asked the president.

"When High Eagle and Masked Scout save ranch, paleface squaw give Masked Scout big kiss. Never give High Eagle kiss."

"Well," said the president tactfully, "that's nothing against you, H. E. It's just that it might be, well, a little *controversial*. You see, such a relationship between Indians and palefaces isn't really . . ."

"Too much talk about relationship," High Eagle said. "Relation-

ship this, relationship that. How much relationship you get from grateful kiss?"

"Grateful kiss," said the president musingly. "Of course, if we stressed the *grateful* part of it, we might be able to . . ."

"Good," said High Eagle. "Then High Eagle carry her off on horse."

"No, no!" said the president, shivering. "If you do that, millions of kids will stop eating Korn Krunchies."

"It might hurt their health," pointed out the Masked Scout.

"That's right," said the president. "Korn Krunchies is . . . are . . . is fortified. You don't want all those kiddies to stop eating Korn Krunchies, do you, H. E.?"

"When High Eagle ride off with squaw, can take plenty Korn Krunchies along. Win squaw, plug product same time."

"That's not bad," said the Masked Scout. "It opens up a new market, Mr. Bradley. It means men need Korn Krunchies to . . . no, I guess it is a bad idea."

"Very bad," said the president sternly. "Anyway, Korn Krunchies hadn't been invented yet." He stood up. "H. E., we've been as patient as we can with you. Unless you give up these notions, I'm afraid you're through. We hope you won't make a public fuss, but we'll just have to run that risk. It's perfectly clear the greater risk lies in trying out your impossible proposals."

"Not impossible," said High Eagle. "Make program livelier, truer."

"I'm sorry, H. E.," said the president decisively. "I've stated my position. I hope you'll think it over carefully. I'll see you after tonight's show. If you won't come to your senses by then, you'll never appear in another." He put his hand on High

Eagle's shoulder. "When you go on tonight, H. E., think how it would be to have it all end for you. I say it sincerely, it'll hurt us as well as you."

"It'll hurt the kids, too," the Masked Scout reminded him.

"Yes, yes, of course," added the president hastily. "It'll hurt all those kids."

"First you say kids hurt if High Eagle's ideas used. Now you say kids hurt if High Eagle not used. If kids hurt either way, why not use High Eagle's ideas?"

"Well," said the president, "the kids won't be hurt as *much* if we have to let you go. But give in, H. E., and make everybody happy."

"Not make High Eagle happy."

"Well," said the president philosophically, "that's show business."

"That business, you mean. High Eagle think nobody much care about show."

"Except the kids," said the Masked Scout. "Let's not forget the kids."

"No," said the president, "let's not. Well, I'm off." He hurried out.

"He sure is a busy man," said the Masked Scout. "It was nice of him to take us to lunch."

"He sure is cheap man," said High Eagle. "Nice of him to try to leave check." He took out his pen and started to sign the check. "How you spell *Bradley*?"

*

The program began at 6.30 p.m. The last few minutes of the program were the most memorable ever experienced in the series. The action began innocently:

(transcript from 6:51 to close)

Mrs. Hansen: "You've killed him!"

Masked Scout: "No, Mrs. Hansen. I believe you'll find he's only unconscious."

Mary Hansen: "Oh, Mother, you should have seen it! The stranger shot the holster clean off his belt, and then he knocked him out!"

High Eagle: "My friend always do it that way."

Masked Scout: (modestly) "I try to avoid bloodshed."

Mary Hansen: (passionately) "We owe everything to you. How can we ever repay you?"

Masked Scout: "Believe me, Miss Hansen, I'm already repaid. My reward is seeing justice done. And now, High Eagle and I must move on." (Points to body) "We'll leave him in town with the sheriff. He won't trouble you again."

Mrs. Hansen: "Aren't you coming back?"

Masked Scout: "No, Mrs. Hansen. My friend and I are needed elsewhere."

Mrs. Hansen: "And we don't even know your name!"

Mary Hansen: "I know who he is, Mother. There's only one man in the West who shoots holsters off belts. And I'm going to give him something to remember . . ." (Moves toward Masked Scout).

High Eagle: "What kind punch you use on bad man?"

Masked Scout: (startled) "What was that, High Eagle?"

High Eagle: "What kind punch you hit bad man with?"

Masked Scout: "Why . . . ah . . . it was a right . . . a right . . ."

Mary Hansen: (stopping in confusion; trying to keep show going) "Uppercut?"

Masked Scout: (gratefully) "Yes, that's it, a right upcut."

Mary Hansen: "Uppercut."

Mrs. Hansen: to technicians in wings) "Uppercut, cut, cut!"

High Eagle: "That plenty good

punch. But left hook better. High Eagle showum friend." (Fells Masked Scout with vicious left hook).

Mrs. Hansen: "Uppercut . . . CUT . . . CUT!!"

High Eagle: "Not uppercut. Left hook." (Fells Masked Scout again as M. S. tries to rise).

Mrs. Hansen: "You've killed him!"

High Eagle: "Friend only sleeping. Hard work done, friend rest." (Grabs Mary Hansen) "Squaw show gratitude now. High Eagle remember for friend."

Mary Hansen: "You . . . you . . . you . . . mmmph!"

Mrs. Hansen: "Stop kissing my daughter! CUT, CUT!"

Assistant producer: (running on stage) "For God's sake, where's Benny? Who's on the controls?"

Mary Hansen: "Mmmmmph!"

Producer: (running on stage) "Fade out, you idiots, fade out!"

Mary Hansen: "Mmmmmmmph!" (Fadeout as producer and assistant

producer try to pry High Eagle and Mary Hansen apart).

*

Since his dismissal, High Eagle has lived in Tucson, Arizona, as a short-order cook in the Holiday Grill. The wage he draws is a modest one, and the tips somewhat meager, but no one has heard him complain. Those who know him say he enjoys watching re-runs of the old Masked Scout series and is apt to chuckle unaccountably as he watches. He invites everyone who comes into the grill, and many who merely pause outside, to his small apartment for a private showing of the only undestroyed film of the last program of the series. It is said he spent almost all his final salary to obtain it, and he has shown it so often, the film is beginning to crack and the sound blur. Several of his friends have remarked among themselves that someone ought to tell him the film and sound can't last much longer. But no one has been able to do it.



The Nice Shot

● Martin McMurtrey, S. M.

"You rub that gun any harder, Joe, it ain't going to look so shiny if and when we ever get out to the field," Gene chuckled as I smoothed the third coat of oil on the barrel of my new gun.

Gene had been dressed for the hunt ten minutes, trying good-naturedly to hurry me along. His tall, brown-clad figure, unresigned to this delay, leaned against the door frame. He had laced his knee-length boots three times and was now toying with his hat brim to give it the right curve. A bluejay feather decorated the band. I would not be hurried, for everything had to be perfect on my first day out with a gun. Anyway, Gene was careful about hunting, too, though he tried to act nonchalant. Besides, I was excited and needed to act deliberate.

"I might get some mud or snow on it, and I wouldn't want it to look like yours after only three seasons," I stalled him.

Gene stooped to look wistfully at the long blue barrel which glistened under my polishing rag. My last comment to Gene was a little unfair, for his gun was a hand-me-down held together by wires, while mine was a present from Mom for my first hunting season. But Gene had never complained at the unfairness of my receiving such a gift; rather he was happy at my good fortune. I held the gun up to the light and grinned, for it was spotless. My gun lacked only about a foot of being as tall as I was.

"It's ready," I finally said to Gene. "Now all you have to do is shoot something with it. No gun has ever been better prepared for the kill." Gene had a dead-pan way of making remarks, so that I always had to watch his blue eyes for the shade of meaning. This time his eyes reflected spots of light.

I slipped my heavy hunting coat on and pulled my baseball cap to a jaunty angle. On the porch I stepped into a pair of black rubber boots and stuffed my pants inside to give myself a hunter's look. When we were almost out the back gate, I ran back for a double page of old newspaper.

"What's that for? Reading while you wait between shots?" Gene wondered in an amused tone.

"You'll see," I announced mysteriously.

Out behind the barn I carefully tacked the paper to the wall. Then I backed off about forty paces and fired. The gun recoiled against my thin shoulder with a surprising force, but I held it leveled on the target.

"You hit it." Gene marveled in his best cynical tone.

He had no more wise comments to make when we studied the shot pattern on the newspaper. My gun had spread number six shot as evenly as if it was sowing grain. That pattern said: here is the perfect weapon.

"Anybody with a gun which sprays like yours ought to bring in fifty bunnies with the fifty shells Dad gives us." Gene's eyes had changed to sheer admiration. He knew what it meant

to feel a good gun at his shoulder when a rabbit kicked out in startled fear and spurred for cover. Up till today, I could only imagine that feeling, for I had never shot at one.

We marched side by side down the path to the pasture, where we would begin the hunt, our guns on our shoulders. I felt as if I were on the way to battle.

Gene griped, "A measly two boxes of shells Dad buys each of us for a season!"

Sometimes, though, at Christmas, Gene would receive one bonus shell for every rabbit he had brought home, but this was very uncertain since bonuses were never paid on bad shots. Fifty shots could be fired awfully fast even before Christmas when the cottontails raced with death on a cold morning.

From bitter experience Gene had warned, "Take only six shells so that you don't get too shot-happy."

I followed his advice.

The morning was ideal. The air was sharp, but we didn't wear a glove on our trigger finger . . . no real hunter did or he lost the feel of the trigger. Our dog, Spot, chased in excited circles about us, his long ears flapping, but the little brown and white beagle wasn't any more anxious than I was. I rubbed a speck of dust off my gun barrel and remarked to Gene that this was a gun to reach out over a tall hill for a fast rabbit. I just don't know any feeling like your boots crunching on the frozen ground and a long gun in your hand on such a crisp morning. The sun is on the frost till you can't look at the ground, and the rabbits get out as if sped up by the coldness. But the pistol grip is warm to your numb hands, and the stock is snug against your shoulder when you bring the

sights up to your eye.

Then Gene broke my spell. As we loaded our guns by the pasture gate, he said just what I knew he would: "If one gets out between us, you shoot first. I'll try a snap shot if you miss."

I broke my gun casually and studied the sparkling inside of the barrel in the sunlight without answering him. He had made a generous offer, but this was the kind of thing he would do to see that I enjoyed my first rabbit hunt. Still I was slow to accept. He should have had the difficult shot, too, as the older. And yet the power and range of my gun could have given me an arguing point.

I mumbled something which Gene accepted as my agreement. My gun snapped shut on a new red shell with a golden metal cap. It was now a weapon to kill with. I clutched my shotgun firmly, and the two of us started zigzagging across the pasture to cover every inch. Gene moved with big strides, the gun barrel cradled lightly in his left arm. I took the same pose.

Spot sped a few feet ahead of us, sniffing everywhere nervously. Suddenly he yiped. The first cottontail jumped out when we had tramped just about fifty feet into the pasture, and it ran in a semicircle, its white tail bobbing, up the almost bare hill in front of us. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Gene's gun snap up to his right shoulder before I had even raised mine off my left arm. Just as quickly he lowered his gun and turned to watch me. The noise of the scurrying rabbit had frozen me for a moment. I was entranced, too, by the beauty of its flight.

Gene yelled, "Shoot!"

Slowly the gun seemed to level it-

self, and deliberately it ran the sights to perfect lead, over the bunny's long ears. I don't remember clicking the safety. There was a roar though I didn't consciously pull the trigger. The barrel kicked up against my jaw so that I couldn't see for a split second. I hardly felt that recoil in my excitement. I looked up just in time to see the rabbit roll three times and lay still. It is a pretty thing to watch those somersaults following a good shot. The long barrel of your gun seems to reach out to trip the rabbit in full flight, and a thrill runs up your back at the magic of it. In disbelief at the ease of the whole thing, I caught myself aiming with an empty gun at a bundle of motionless fur for a second shot. Only gradually did the glorious realization come that my gun had made its first kill — and a clean one it was. That feeling is not to be described — it must be experienced. The smell of powder was sweet as I ejected the empty shell. My gun clicked firmly on a second shell to tell me it was ready to kill again. And how easily my gun killed. I don't think my rabbit ever knew what had hit it. This was good enough for a first shot, but now I knew the gun's abilities, and I needed something more difficult to test them. We were well-matched, that gun and I.

Off to my left, straight-faced Gene shouted, "If you let a rabbit get out much farther, you'd better put some salt in your shells to preserve it.

This awoke me to the certainty of my success. That gun and I would drop many more, I felt sure. Gene could have shouted something like "Nice shot," though. He was always slow to give congratulations; a thing had to be hard and executed perfectly before he would acknowledge skill.

I pointed up to the rabbit, indicat-

ing that there was no need for him to get excited about taking a second shot after me. Then I strolled leisurely over to pick up my kill; I really wanted to run over to it. Spot didn't even sniff at it, for it was very dead. It lay reddish brown in the frosty grass and looked up at me with a glassy eye as if it was sleeping. By some lucky chance — I had forgotten to lead the shot in my excitement — my rabbit had been hit in the head. I emphasized this fact to Gene, as I held up my bunny by its untouched backlegs for his admiration. To shoot up the most edible part of a rabbit is the hunter's worst shame. To have to stuff such a rabbit in the back of my hunting coat seemed wrong, for I imagined that if I dropped it, it would run off.

"It's a good feeling, ain't it, kid?" Gene finally commented.

I was beginning to wonder if he had any feelings at all, till he made this comment. Maybe he recalled his own first kill.

About halfway through our pasture, Gene shot a rabbit off to his left. He hit it in the backlegs and had to chase it fifty feet and club it backhand in order to save another shell. One powerful swing with the side of his hand striking behind a rabbit's ear was his usual substitute for a second shot.

"I couldn't wait any longer for you to shoot," he apologized for such a shot. "It was almost under the fence into the woods, and you didn't even have your gun up yet." Gene kicked a frosted horseweed, and white powder flew.

I nodded, but I felt sure he was excusing a poor shot — he'd not get another shell at Christmas for such a rabbit, that was certain. And his rabbit hadn't got up between us by

any stretch of Gene's imagination, or I would have rolled it clean. Why, I had hardly glimpsed it after it took the first two jumps way off to his left. My gun might range far, but it couldn't shoot over a hill.

My second shot was not as dramatic as my first. Gene had maneuvered me into a good position to shoot as we neared the lower part of our pasture. Just as he had guessed, a cottontail sped out of the orange sour grass and headed for the ravine which cut through our wheat field on my right. The same excitement grabbed me, but I didn't let it slow my reaction this time. I snapped the safety with the same motion that I raised the gun. My gun boomed with the first scurrying noise made by that rabbit. I stopped it before it took its third hop. Lead shot had spurted from my gun like a heavy ball without spreading. I should have let the rabbit run farther. It didn't even flip over once but just braked to a sudden stop. Then, too, I forgot to lead it and hit it through the middle. Spot mauled my beat-up rabbit some more before I could chase him off. I realized now the force of my gun when shooting in close. I picked up the remains of my rabbit gingerly but did not display this second kill to Gene.

Understandingly, he walked the other way to tramp down some bushes just after I had shot. Such a rabbit I could not imagine running off as if alive if I dropped it. A peculiar taste came into my mouth as I stuffed this kill hurriedly into the back of my coat.

Still I rubbed the decorated stock of my gun, congratulating it on its power, but apologizing for my own clumsy guidance. It was the weapon, but I gave it the signal to kill so that the blame was all mine.

My third shot was for the picture books — almost. Gene must have scared out a rabbit without realizing it. I heard an unexpected rustle in the yellow crab grass along the fall wheat field, and a rabbit was already by me at full speed. Automatically my gun snapped up. The gun almost thought with me; it was not responsible for my failure. I saw the weeds ripple and a white tail flashed. I pressed the trigger, my gun roared; I felt its friendly kick against my shoulder and jaw. Then came the split second when I waited breathlessly for my rabbit to roll — that moment when the successful hunter watched the life go out of the rabbit in a violent spasm. I heard Gene's shot and knew with the sound that I had missed for the first time ever. I glared at my gun ready to blame it, but the long barrel answered me firmly. I turned, looking for an excuse, to glance back over the path that the rabbit had raced down. There was none. Then I raged at myself for missing. I did not know till then that there was another feeling in hunting beside watching them roll. At that moment I could have killed every rabbit on our property.

Gene was stamping around in the heavy weeds, looking for his rabbit. I went over dejectedly to help him.

"I wondered how long you would keep knocking them dead," he grinned at me. The tone of his voice said: "I've been through that, too."

I patted the two rabbits still warm with life in the back of my coat, and he understood my answer. My long gun lay over my left arm, ready to swing to the kill at my command. I had felt the chagrin of missing, and I did not want to know it again soon.

Now we entered a tricky ten acre weed patch where the rabbits loved

to circle. Dad had left the land lie fallow because it was underwater late in June. Spot barked continually as the rabbits teased him by scurrying just out of his reach. A fellow had about a third of a second to shoot in here. What this field needed was a couple of heavy snows to knock the giant horseweeds down. I could hardly make out Gene's head above the highest weeds, and he must have lost me altogether at times. Here was a stern test for a man with a gun. With the anger still upon me from my last miss, I felt ready.

By the noise of our tramping, we hoped to scare one or two bunnies out into the clear spot at the bottom of the field. Nervously I snapped my gun to my shoulder several times but saw only the tops of the weeds wave. In such heavy stuff the rabbits would only scamper about ten feet and hide again. Their brown color blended perfectly with the dead weeds. The suspense was awful. Why, Gene almost stepped on a cottontail but couldn't get a shot at it as fast as he was with a gun. Still I held my gun up high, ready for my third kill. I had a feeling my hard shot would come somewhere in this field. For we believed from the movement of the grass that we were driving several bunnies in front of us. The strain of waiting grew as we sighted the end of our field; my right hand gripped the stock of my gun so hard that my fingers sweated.

About thirty feet from the tangled edge of the field, Gene shouted at me, "You run up to the end. I'll drive them out — be ready to shoot fast." The excitement was in his voice too, but he had given me the position for a good shot again.

I stumbled out to the end of the field and turned to watch Gene kick

among the horseweed and matted tumbleweeds. The muscles in his neck stood out. Every muscle in my body tingled to direct my gun to kill.

Gene crisscrossed through the last weeds noisily; not a brown blade stirred now, but we knew one or two rabbits had to be sitting tight in that narrow strip. The silence was worse than the continual stirring before.

"There goes one!" Gene shouted, pointing his finger to help me locate the rabbit.

My excitement was high-pitched after the strain of watching in the long field. The weeds rustled, as a rabbit made a beeline for me. It popped out at my feet, too close for me to shoot, stood on its hind legs to peer around, and jumped quickly back into the cover when I imprudently raised my gun. I was so tense that I almost shot off a windblown horseweed.

"I'm out here, too, don't forget," Gene laughed as he ducked.

"Over that way." I motioned wildly to Gene.

He moved quickly to follow my waving hand, but the rabbit just seemed to disappear somewhere between us. Several times Gene aimed but shook his head after he didn't shoot.

"Too close and too fast," he mumbled.

We were up against a rabbit that wanted badly to live. This only made me more eager. I kicked into the edge of that field, trying to watch in all directions. I should have remained still.

"Behind you!" Gene screamed.

I spun. Already a hundred feet up the side of the field, our rabbit was kicking up the frosty ground. It had sneaked along the edge of the field and then broke for freedom. Fran-

tically, I leveled my gun. Just then the rabbit swerved for life, instinctively, and not into the field the way I'd guessed but across a short clearing as it sped toward the timber. Here was the unexpected shot: the spot where the hunter thought against the rabbit, and death was the perfect end. My gun moved instinctively, too, as I twisted to flash a shot at the rabbit just as it ducked under the fence into the brambles. This was a chance shot, but my trigger finger had been ready to press for ten minutes, and I just couldn't stop that urge. All I had glimpsed as I triggered the shot was a bit of white tail speeding. The rabbit was farther than two hundred feet, but somehow my gun had moved to my eye and I had taken its suggestion. There was the certain feeling that we had moved perfectly together and performed the impossible.

"Nice shot!" Gene screamed.

If he hadn't started running immediately toward that fence, I would have sworn he was trying to joke. Even then I was half in doubt, as I hurried after him. I trembled, wondering whether I had really felt that kill at such a distance without seeing it.

Gene had reached the spot of my shot and was searching around. He turned to me, "You hit it! You hit it! Just as it was going under the fence. Oh, that was a pretty shot!" His eyes were wide with excitement. Then he added to modify his praise of me, "My gun would have never reached that rabbit."

Gene's unusual enthusiasm was all I needed to convince me, even though I didn't see a bundle of fur lying under the fence. And there was still the certain feeling which I had had as I shot, that here was an impossible hit. I surely wanted to be con-

vinced, for it was shots such as this one where everything was unexpected that *made* rabbit hunting.

Gene bent over just where my shot had torn up the snow and mud. "Look there." His sharp eyes never missed the slightest hunting sign.

Sure enough, there was a spot of blood and bit of fur.

"I must have grazed it," I answered modestly, but I knew that I would have to find that rabbit for proof of my long shot.

"No, I was standing on an angle, and I saw the whole pattern of your shot hit right in here." Gene was almost more excited than me. His blue eyes glowed.

We tried to coax Spot into those brambles, but they were so thick that he would do nothing but circle them. This made us pretty sure our rabbit was hiding in there. Gene and I started scratching our way into the tangle. A vine blacklashed me across the ear, drawing a red line of blood. Those blackberry vines slashed like knives just above our knees. Thorny crab-apple trees grew about head high so that in places we had to crawl. The rabbit would have to be hit good and hard if we were to find it in here. Rabbit paths tunneled in every direction through the lower brambles.

"Aw, let's give it up," Gene mumbled as, just ahead of me, he wrestled a briar off his arm. "I'll convince Dad you hit it."

I was a little surprised at Gene's sudden change, but he seemed to have recalled something. He was squinting his eyes in thought.

"Not after such a shot." I grimaced and tried to kick my way through more thorns. I needed to find the rabbit very much.

Just after I passed Gene, I spied

something crouched in the thickest spot. I almost cheered before I squeezed in nearer.

Now I knew why Gene had tried to turn me back. But what a sorry-looking rabbit. Not a leg on it but it dangled brokenly. I didn't know what I was to expect, but I surely didn't expect such a splayed animal. My shot must have cut right underneath it. Every time Gene or I tried to reach for the crippled rabbit, it managed to crawl weakly on its splintered legs just out of our grasp. The wet fur on its mangled body made it look very small and helpless. It was hard to see how any life could be left in that broken animal. Purple stains soaked the dirty patches of snow whenever the rabbit twisted away from our fingertips.

After five minutes of such hide-and-seek, our chase was becoming ridiculous. Gene suggested in a hollow tone, "You better back off and shoot again. You'll get another shell for this shot, sure."

It was not easy to shoot again, and not only because of a wasted shell. I just couldn't hold my aim on that broken thing. If it had been a fast bunny scampering for its life, that would have been different. This rabbit just lay there quivering and looking up at me. I backed off and tried to aim an inch over its trembling nose, but my gun just didn't seem made for such a shot.

I took such a long time that Gene finally shouted, "Get it over with!"

I threw a quick glance at Gene's eyes to see if he knew what was going on in my mind. His face was bland as ever, but his eyes were in dark thought.

I jerked my gun up quickly. My shot tore into the ground just in front of the rabbit and stunned it a little.

The rabbit turned over on its broken back and kicked its crippled legs in circles. But it wouldn't die. I had wasted my fifth shot and only scarred its ears. I leaned gingerly into the briars to pick it up. It screamed like a baby when I clutched it. I didn't know rabbits could scream.

There was just no solid bone in the rabbit's body by which to grasp it properly. And still the maimed thing squirmed for life in my bloody hands. I dropped it to the ground, but the thawing earth was too soft for me to break its neck with my heel. I picked up that muddy, bloody, broken fur and balanced it in one hand as I tried to crack it behind its drooping ears the way Gene could do so efficiently. Warm blood spurted out to sprinkle my face with the blow. But the rabbit still jerked for life. It took me three more soggy swings before the cripple was finally dead.

Angrily, I pitched the whole mess into the brambles and tried to wipe my sticky hands on some dried leaves. The blood dried awfully slow. Other than the chagrin of missing a shot, I had discovered something else about hunting.

"Why'd you throw it away after all our work?" Gene questioned.

I answered sullenly, "There wasn't nothing left of it to skin."

"But you'd have got a new shell for such a shot."

"Maybe I don't want another shell for such a shot."

Gene was being very puzzling: before, he had wanted me to stop searching, and now he wanted me to bring that crushed carcass home. He shook his head as we turned to hunt our way back home. The fancy stock of my new gun was all smeared too; little pieces of fur and reddish-black mud wedged into the design of the

pistol grip. The shiny brown stock had a scratch across its veneer from the brambles.

Several times on our long way home, a rabbit kicked up right in front of me. I brought my gun up listlessly, but just didn't know when to press the trigger. For one thing, my hands were too sticky. The sun was warm now, and I could no longer feel the cool tingle of my gun barrel. In fact, my gun weighed so heavily on my left arm that finally I rested it over my shoulder clumsily. I didn't care if Gene did turn often to give me a questioning look. I was not even prepared to shoot the last half hour going home. The first two rabbits had got away, but Gene rolled the third one right in front of me. I turned away so that I didn't have to watch his shot hit. Then I slouched over to where the rabbit was making a few last kicks, but I didn't try to pick it up. Spot grabbed it and tore it a little before Gene rushed over.

He was quite disappointed at me by now; "First you can't pull the trigger, and now you can't pick it up."

"I'm trying to save my last shell

for a good shot," I said.

The frost had vanished from the ground as we finally slogged up the muddy road to our barn. The two rabbits in the back of my coat weighed me down, and my arms were tired from carrying my gun. My jaw ached a little where that gun had kicked me five times. I wanted very much to wash my hands.

On our back porch I dropped my hunting coat weakly to the floor. Gene reached over to pick it up. There were dark stains on the front of it near the shell pockets.

The others flipped so beautifully. I . . . I killed that crippled one!"

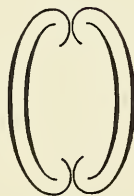
"One way or the other — you kill them all, kid!"

"What you going to do?" I asked.

"Might as well clean those rabbits. No use both of us getting messed up skinning only four of them."

I tried to look my relief at him without speaking.

"And you," Gene continued, "how about making it even by cleaning the guns?" He looked away from me as he spoke quietly, "We'll be wanting them another day."



Two Poems

● Joseph Beatty

Kathleen

You there in the corner with a dark soul—
Do not retreat from my love's touch,
Stay there beside the fire and let the whole
Earth tend its own. They will not mind us.

I would discover the seeds the day sowed,
Race the elk of night to dawn
To win you, pay what I owed,
Give the birds their bread upon the lawn,
And quietly commit love.

Goldfinch

I caught a goldfinch in my dream.
I had to turn the dragon loose
Upon the plain I plucked him from.
I caught a goldfinch in my dream.

The choices on the stretch of dream
Streamed past me and I let them go,
Let other dreamers master them
The final thing I sought was won.

The night elked forward at a run.
I dreamed as far as I could dream.
The bird was bright as it could be.
I waked, and lost it in the sun.

The Big Rock Crystal Mountain

● Mary Graham Lund

Having inadvertently acquired two copies of *Clea*, the fourth volume of Lawrence Durrell's *The Alexandria Quartet*, I lent them to — indeed forced them upon — friends who had not read *Mountolive*, or *Justine*, or *Balthazar*. All six of them read the novel through and confessed not merely interest but involvement.

"It wasn't the plot, but the characters," one said. "I don't know just who they were or how they got the way they were, but I felt with them, was caught in the immediacy of their anxieties."

"It was the poetry, I think," another explained. "I was caught up in it, the way you are when listening to music."

"It wasn't the violence, or the strangeness, or the humor," another averred, "though perhaps it all helped. It was the humanity, the sense of awareness of life. It was an experience to read it."

"I guess you might call it romantic, in a sort of Edgar Allan Poe fashion. More humor than Poe, though, and more humanity."

"Like *Arabian Nights*," another said. "I had a ball with that when I was a kid. I want to read the other novels of the *Quartet*."

"Funny way of telling a story," one young man said, "but there *was* a story. Durrell's a storyteller all right."

Asked if they had been shocked, they all had to consider the question as if the idea had not occurred to them. Perhaps death and violence in the air merely made more poignant the personal acts. A camera fan suggested a "soft focus on crime."

As for the "incompleteness" of the "sequel" when read first, it did not seem to matter greatly to any of the readers. Perhaps a note in the diary of Pursewarden, one of Durrell's characters, gives the answer: "A novel should be an act of divination by entrails, not a careful record of a game of pat-ball on some vicarage lawn."

An act of divination it might seem indeed to the novelist who watches a great story emerge in symbols of crystalline splendor from the muck of his own unconscious. Perhaps one might, very cursorily, with telescopic lens only, examine one of the island peaks which emerge in many-colored symbols from the troubled waters that one may glimpse in Durrell's lectures of the forties, his poems of the thirties.

A first symbol is the form of the novel itself, new structural design which Durrell has emphasized in prefaces and interviews. One may see the scaffolding clearly in his lectures, published under the title *Key to Modern British Poetry*: the careful building of the Bergsonian continuum; the intimation of a "new type" of man — the "Groddeck" type — priest-doctor-poet; the investigation of modern love (compare D. H. Lawrence and George Meredith), with intimation that the "sexual act is our knowing machine";

the definition of art as the rendering of truth, the interpretation of truth — a prime tool in man's search for truth. The only flaw in the notion of the continuum, as he confessed to Kenneth Young in an interview for the British magazine *Encounter*, is that he is using human beings instead of figures.

A second symbol, used constantly in the novels, is the mirror, the reflected image — light. Durrell has been concerned for many years with a revaluation of the art of seeing. Like Picasso, he has caught in his mirrors man's foibles, his piteous surrenders, his suicidal despairs — and laughed at them. The island peaks rise, most clearly seen perhaps in *Mountolive*, the third novel — and probably the most widely read one — of the four, despite the fact that *Clea* made the best-seller lists for a short time. Human beings move, in dramatically beautiful cinematic settings, across the screen, driven by personal emotions of the greatest intensity and idealism, usually towards their doom. Sir David Mountolive of the British embassy, drawn in many directions (by his past love for Leila Hosnani, his present love for Liza Pursewarden, his duty to England, his friendship for Nessism, the international banker who is leading a revolt of minority groups against the Arab world), walks a narrow hypotenuse. Nessim Hosnani is torn by many loves: his mother, Leila, and Justine, his wife; Melissa's living child and Justine's dead one; Western culture and tribal memories; the Community Movement and the old feudal leadership; the cabal and the brother Narouz.

Darley, whose slow growth does not reach maturity until the sequel, is a watchfully passive acceptor of love and friendship. Perhaps Dr. Balthazar is the Groddeck man! He is a doctor, a psychoanalyst, sometimes a poet, often a prophet. His personal tragedy, often presented in scenes that induce hysterical laughter, is that he is a homosexual. As a foil to his tragic pose is the humorous mask of Old Scobie, a tragic character usually shown in scenes of broad farce.

Pursewarden, the successful novelist, talking to himself in the mirror while wrestling with his tie, before going out to dance with "Darley's girl friend," Melissa, musing on the price the career diplomat has to pay for the fruits of power, concludes that "it takes all sorts to *unmake* a world."

And all sorts of people are indeed seen, both telescopically and microscopically, on the wide screen of the novels, in the "unmaking" of the Alexandrian world he depicts, a city not very different from any modern metropolis. The novel suggests the mass movements of our time, the lack of any real religious outlook, the confusion of truths (many subjective truths, no absolutes), the violence and irrationality of the mind forced from the world of fantasy to action, the bewildered craving for excitement of the body tensed to action yet forced to passivity. Here in this organic structure, this crystalline order of clashing wills, of cultured reflections and broken masks, of divided selves and absurd joinings, one may perhaps find a hero of a new order.

The images in Lawrence Durrell's poems and novels are not constructed; they are crystals which occur in the strong solution of experience, vicarious and personal, in the deep caldron of his unconscious. A study of his early poems indicates how long the images, the ideas, the characters of his novels in their growing and individualized realities, had been bubbling and boiling

and changing in his mind. In a poem published two decades before the first of *The Alexandria Quartet* began to excite the Western world, one may recognize a preliminary sketch of Justine in "A Portrait of Theodora" (*The Tree of Idleness*):

I saw the street lamp unpick Theodora
Like an old sweater un wrinkle eyes and mouth,
Unbandaging her youth to let me see
The wounds I had not understood before.

The little whore in her cheap summer frock and her laughable assumption of urban pomp is wonderfully expanded and gilded in the society matron Justine Hosnani, wife of a millionaire Copt, but the basic ingredients of her character are there in "The bloody sweepings of a loving smile / Strewn like Osiris among the dunes." One recognizes the violence, the allure, the supposedly Egyptian origin of Justine, the gutter waif whose talents have raised her to the topmost wave of society in Alexandria, identified in the poem as "a city founded in the name of love."

As notable as the recurring image, the growing image (crystal added to crystal until an exciting organic whole exists for the delight of the reader), is the plurality of the images that may occur in a single poem or on a single page of a novel. John Press in *The Chequer'd Shade, Reflections on Obscurity in Poetry*, criticizes this characteristic of the poetry: "Lawrence Durrell's verse is more obscure than Auden's most irresponsible conjuring tricks, if only because he does not bother to impose a formal philosophical unity upon the myriad impressions that go shimmering through his mind." Yet a close reading of one of the poems that Press cites, "The Tree of Idleness," shows a closely-knit structure: the first quatrain begins, "I shall die . . . in this old Turkish house" and adds a description of the house; the second quatrain considers the day of death, the third the fact of death, and the fourth and fifth add details of the village's forgetting; the sixth and seventh enumerate what the dead remember. The last line, standing alone, reaches for a summit surely: "Silence of lips and minds which have not spoken."

Here is a well-wrought poem, an artifact which carries a clear message, on one level at least. If the reader is aware of the legend of the Tree of Idleness (*Bitter Lemons*), it may add another level to his knowing, if he equates the relaxed state it induces to a vision of death. If one is cognizant of the meaning of *silence* in Durrell's philosophy, it might possibly open another vista upon meaning; or if he were acquainted with the essays in *Key to Modern Poetry* (as John Press is), it might add to his understanding of the poem.

Press quotes Durrell as saying, "a good poem is a congeries of symbols which transfers an enigmatic knowledge to the reader." According to this definition, "Tree of Idleness" is a good poem. Press quotes again: "In the last analysis, great poetry reflects an unknown in the interpretation and understanding of which all knowledge is refunded into ignorance." Is this a statement in favor of obscurity? Or merely that a poem is not wholly a product of the mind?

The other poem which Press cites as an example of careless structure in a "rapid skipping from image to image" is "Journal in Paris," first pub-

lished in *A Private Company*. But an examination of this poem reveals a closely-knit structure: it is the story of a week in a thinking man's life — tea, gossip, spring weather — "Monday escapes destruction . . . Is death so far . . . thundershowers . . . a library book about the universe . . ." Then a slow reverse — the equinox, smoke, sex; Sunday, the pit, the axe, and the knot . . . the monster, the mask . . . What is Truth?" It is the plot of a novel, one of Lawrence Durrell's great rock-crystal epics which have emerged from his well-filled unconscious mind, to the amazement of the Western world.

Durrell does not now seem able to explain the sense of immediacy which he gives the reader in his novels, but the explanation may be found in the critical work referred to as *Key to Modern British Poetry*. This series of essays was originally prepared for a summer course for English majors in a South American university, a part of his work as an attaché of the British embassy. This thoughtful young man found it necessary to use four of the ten lecture periods to *approach* modern poetry through a discussion of modern criticism, of space-time *via* Sir James Jeans, of Freudian psychology, of the new metaphysics. In these lectures Durrell made the startling statements quoted by John Press that "poetry reflects an unknown . . . refunded into ignorance" and that "a good poem is a congeries of symbols which transfers an enigmatic knowledge to the reader."

This is perhaps another way of saying that the tremendous intellectual upheavals of the latter half of the nineteenth century which brought about a semantic disturbance that drove some poets to the verge of madness might be by-passed by the modern writer who can accept Otto Rank's idea that the "artist is becoming a seer." Indeed, Durrell quotes from *Art and Artist*: "the problem of the individual is to put his creative force directly into the service of this formation of personality, without the assistance of art."

It is a direct transferal from the unconscious that Durrell seems to have accomplished in *The Alexandria Quartet*, perhaps to a greater extent than those who before him had made a similar attempt. James Joyce labored to make art a science and succeeded only in presenting "the temporal cocoon" that surrounds an object or a character; Virginia Woolf failed to penetrate the "envelope"; Eliot's *Gerontion* progressed by standing still. The new idea of *reality* became so frightening that it caused a "disturbance of meaning within the structure of language." Rimbaud, Laforgue, Lewis Carroll, Nietzsche "worked the language so hard that it fell to pieces." The poets Gerard Manley Hopkins, Dylan Thomas, and William Empson succeeded — in Durrell's opinion — by surrendering to the unconscious with its ambiguities, compressions, and leaps of ecstasy. Perhaps novelist Durrell has succeeded by the same means in presenting characters which a reader can accept, even without knowledge of plot or prior history or critical comment.



Just Like in the Old Country

● Ruth Chessman

Miss Winthrop came to the house to invite the Peskin children to a picnic.

"She came right into this kitchen," Ma said.

Sarah was glad her mother talked good English. Miss Winthrop was a real American lady.

"Is that the one who looks like Mary Pickford?" Pa asked. He thought America's sweetheart was pretty, but he always said he didn't respect her because she played boys' parts.

"Miss Winthrop is a fine aristocratic young lady," Ma said. "She wanted to know could Peter and Sarah eat the picnic lunch; it won't be kosher. What was I going to do, say to let the kids go hungry and watch everybody else eat? Or give them along a cheese sandwich so they shouldn't enjoy?"

"Can we?" Peter asked. "Did you tell her we could have the lunch?"

"Eat it, the sin will be on my head," Ma said. "It won't be pork, anyway. I asked her. I showed her the flat, too. No use letting her think we don't have a decent place just because it's Market Street."

"I hope the beds were made," said Sarah.

"I suppose you think she came to see the beds?"

"No," said Sarah, "but at the rate the beds get made around here — oh, boy!"

"That's a good one," said Pa, and laughed like anything.

"You don't like the way I keep

house?" Ma asked. "Tell your daughter it won't kill her to help a little. In the old country, a ten-year-old girl, she could make all the beds by herself."

"Oh, sure," said Sarah. "And scrub the floors and mind the kids and cook the supper. I know all about it. You didn't have no gaslights and you never seen a banana till you got here. I'm sick'n'tired of the old country."

"What kids you got to mind?" Ma asked. "There's just the two of you."

Everybody else around seemed to have a million kids in the family, but the Peskins only had Sarah and Peter. Peter was a real American; he had been born right after they got to this country when Sarah was a little less than two, and he even had a real American name. But the crazy kid, he liked the old country.

"In the old country it's good," said Peter.

"I suppose you really know. I suppose you can still smell how rich the good earth smells?" Sarah asked. His black eyes looked into her black eyes, and he growled, "So I was born here. But I know what Ma says. The earth is black, not gravel like here. I like the old country."

"You better like the new country," said Sarah. "Because that's where you are. And Miss Winthrop inviting us to picnics and so forth."

"Where does Miss Winthrop get all that dough?" Peter asked. "First the Christmas Party, and then the Valentine party, then Easter, and

now a picnic."

Ma and Sarah had to laugh.

"So what's funny if the kid asks an honest question?" Pa asked.

Sarah felt ashamed, but she could see that Ma didn't. Nothing that ever happened made Ma feel ashamed of herself. She just went right on talking. "It's not Miss Winthrop has the money. It's the Neighborhood House. She works there. Lots of rich guys give money, and she spends it on good times for you kids."

"Not like in the old country," said Sarah.

"So enough already with the old country!" Ma said.

On Friday at Basket Weaving, Sarah learned that the picnic was going to be at Nantasket Beach. She could hardly wait to get home to tell her mother.

"Imagine!" said Ma. "Nantasket Beach! The whitest sand you ever saw."

"White?" asked Peter. "Like snow?"

"Almost," said Ma. "But — oh, my! — Nantasket Beach means best clothes!"

The Peskins had no best clothes, but Ma didn't let that bother her because the tenement house was full of neighbors. A pair of shoes here, a petticoat, a natty pair of boy's knee pants there — at nine o'clock on that June Saturday morning they were ready. Sarah's black hair hung in long natural curls. Peter's hair, just as black and just as curly, was neatly combed, and both were dressed so as not to shame the name.

Some automobiles drove up to the Neighborhood House just as they walked up. Sarah said exultantly, "I bet we're going in them autos, Peter Peskin."

That is what the automobiles were

there for, all right, to drive them all the way to Nantasket; and there were just the right number to take five children in each, with two left over. The two were the Peskins, and Miss Winthrop said, "Wait here, Sarah and Peter. You're going with me."

"Golly," said Sarah. She stood watching Miss Winthrop, who was in charge of checking the children into the cars. Miss Winthrop's gold hair was clipped short in one of those new haircuts, and she wore no hat. She looked like a high-school girl in her middie blouse and skirt, but Peter had asked her once how old she was, so Sarah knew she was an old maid, twenty-five years old.

Pretty soon another automobile drove up, just as all the rest were leaving. Miss Winthrop waited until the door of the shiny black Pierce Arrow opened, and said, "I thought you'd never get here, Harold."

Harold was Mr. Butler. Sarah remembered him from the Christmas party when he got dressed up as Santa. Miss Winthrop sounded mad when she said, "I thought you'd never get here," and she made Peter get in front and she and Sarah got in back. Sarah said politely, "Peter won't mind sitting in back, Miss Winthrop, if you want to sit with Mr. Butler."

Miss Winthrop said, "Oh, no, Sarah, this is the better way. Peter and Mr. Butler will enjoy each other's company. There is a perfect meeting of the minds."

"Peter's mind doesn't get any place very fast," said Sarah.

"I know," said Miss Winthrop.

The ride was just like in the movies, only not much talk. If Sarah and Miss Winthrop did not say anything, nobody did. There was nothing different in that about Peter, but

you would think Mr. Butler was a talker. He looked it, but he didn't say hardly anything except *yes* or *no*.

Miss Winthrop began to admire Sarah's clothes.

"This dress is Natalie Ginsberg's," Sarah explained. "Her father is a cutter, so he cut it out at home; then he brought it in where he works and the forelady stitched it up when the boss wasn't looking. Peter's pants the same. They are Morty Bailik's, and Mr. Bailik is Mrs. Ginsberg's brother. But he is not a cutter. He is a ragman, he buys rags. Sometimes he picks up a big piece, good enough to get a dress or a pair of pants out of. That is where the cloth came from for Peter's pants — Morty's, you know. The shoes I have on are Irene Smith's, but they never fitted her right, my mother might buy them yet for cheap. Peter's shoes are Joey Brown's. All I have on that is really mine is my underwear, and the same with Peter. We have good everyday clothes, but nothing for best. The first overtime my father gets, he says we will get new outfits, but he always says that and instead he gets laid off."

Miss Winthrop began to say something; it must have been poetry because you couldn't understand it. "Send your children to the Mount Adams Day School. All cultural activities. Horseback riding required. Democracy extra."

Mr. Butler said, "Damn it — I beg your pardon, forgot the kindergarten. But you've got to admit I never said you should take the position. I ought to know what a snobby job that particular school is — I went there. But there are limits just the same."

"I seem to have heard somewhere, all men are created equal — or is

that a legend?" Miss Winthrop asked.

"Oh, no," Sarah said. "It's real. I know that one. It's from the Constitution."

"Yes, Sarah," Miss Winthrop said. "I'm glad you remember it. Some people act as if it didn't exist."

"Now, listen," Mr. Butler said. "Listen. You've got me all wrong. I only meant—"

"Mustn't soil the lily white hands," said Miss Winthrop.

"Listen—"

"I don't blame you," said Miss Winthrop. "You have your views; I have mine, and never the twain shall meet."

Mr. Butler did not say anything else. Peter never once opened his mouth, the same as usual. His mind was like a stone wheel; it went very slowly, but it kept going all the time. Ma always said you never knew what Peter was going to come out with.

After a long time they began to smell the ocean, and then they saw the beach.

"Like snow," said Peter. "Ma damn well knows what she's talking about."

Mr. Butler laughed all of a sudden, like he couldn't help it.

"We never use that word," said Miss Winthrop.

"He did," said Peter.

"He shouldn't have."

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Butler. "It slipped out."

"Well, all right," said Peter. "But Ma sure knows what she's talking about."

"Oh," said Miss Winthrop. "Did your mother say the sand would be white?"

"Like snow," said Peter.

"She came here once on the boat," said Sarah. "She likes it. She says you can't find nothing like it in the

old country."

"No," said Peter. "But what about the rich earth in the old country? What about the steamboat on the river, and everyone coming down to meet it? What about Grandpa Peskin, when his house burned, how glad he was because all the bedbugs burned with it? You don't get that here. Sure, we got white sand, but there's lots we ain't got."

"Bedbugs, for instance," said Mr. Butler.

"Oh, we got them," said Peter. "But you don't burn a house down to get rid of them. That's what my father says. That's the Peskin method, he says."

"I'd like to meet your father," said Mr. Butler.

Mr. Butler stopped the Pierce Arrow because all the other automobiles had stopped, one in back of the other. Everyone went into a big white building and got into bathing suits. The kids were mostly skinny and looked funny in their bathing suits, all except Peter. Ma always said that Peter got more good out of what little he ate because he worked so long over each mouthful.

Peter's school teacher, Miss Anderson, once said he looked like a real egg and milk child, and Peter stood right up in front of everybody and said, "I am not, either, I am a *mammaliegg* child."

Miss Anderson stopped Sarah in the corridor and asked her what Peter meant. When Sarah explained that *mammaliegg* was corn meal mush, Miss Anderson said, "Tell your mother that Peter must have eggs and milk!"

Sarah did, and Ma just said, "So let her pay for it."

So Peter was still a *mammaliegg* child, but he looked very good in a

bathing suit, and Sarah said, "That's my brother," when the grownups began to say, "What a fine-looking little boy!"

Everyone went into the water, divided up into four kids with each grownup. Mr. Butler and Miss Winthrop took their four kids each and didn't even notice each other. Sarah and Peter stayed with Miss Winthrop. She had on a red bathing suit, and you could see her legs way up over her knees; she was a real bathing beauty. When she jumped into the water and got wet all over, Sarah said, "Ain't she pretty, Peter?"

Peter didn't say anything. He stared at Miss Winthrop.

"Do you think she's Mr. Butler's girl?" Sarah asked him.

Peter turned around and stared at Sarah. He did not say anything.

"They act kind of funny for a fella and a girl, though," said Sarah. "Remember how Becky Lipshitz and Joe Solomon used to act?"

Peter did not say anything, but he looked like he was remembering.

"Come on, Peter, Sarah, get wet," Miss Winthrop called. They got wet. Peter dunked himself up and down. Sarah tried to swim.

In a little while it was time to come out of the water. Miss Winthrop got everybody together on the beach. "We're going to eat at the big house," she said. "But first we are going to get dressed."

They made a line two by two, and they marched across the boulevard and up to the white building. They all got dressed. Then they all marched back, two by two, to the big house. They sat at long tables. The lunch was beef stew and milk and strawberry shortcake. It was lucky Ma said it was all right to eat it, because it sure tasted good.

Sarah kept whispering to Peter to hurry up, but just the same when everybody else was finishing the shortcake, he was still eating his stew. At first everybody waited, but at last Miss Winthrop said, "Why don't the rest of you go out onto the beach and we will join you."

They all went out, but Mr. Butler didn't. He said, "You won't need me, will you?" to the other grownups, and they all said politely, "Oh, no, Mr. Butler, don't put yourself out, just take your time; we can manage."

Miss Winthrop and Mr. Butler sat on opposite sides of the table, and Sarah sat right next to Peter and kept saying, "Leave the stew, Peter. Start the shortcake."

Peter wouldn't leave the stew. Mr. Butler said, "Can't we find another order of shortcake for Sarah?"

Sarah said, "No, thank you," but Mr. Butler got her a great big dish of shortcake with about a million strawberries. Miss Winthrop said, "That was very thoughtful of you, Harold," but Mr. Butler didn't say anything.

Peter finished his stew. He took a bite of his shortcake. He said, "This is good. I never heard of it before. Strawberry shortcake." He took another bite, and after he swallowed it, he said, "With old country people, when a fella and a girl go together, they hug and they kiss. Not like in this country, just talk, talk, talk."

"Ma always says you never know what's coming out of that boy when he opens his mouth," Sarah explained.

Mr. Butler started to laugh. Then Miss Winthrop started to laugh. They laughed a little while, then they stopped and looked at each other and laughed again. Mr. Butler got up and walked around the table and sat

down next to Miss Winthrop. They looked at each other, but they didn't laugh; they just looked at each other.

After a long time Peter put his fork down and did not pick it up again.

"Finished?" Miss Winthrop asked. "Then let's go outside."

Everybody was sitting on the sand. Sarah and Peter sat down too. A couple of men came over and said, "Close together, now, we're going to take a picture."

Everybody got close together, and Sarah and Peter squeezed up next to each other, and in a minute they had their picture taken. "It's going to be in the papers," said Miss Winthrop. "Isn't that nice?"

"Really?" said Sarah. "In like the Boston *Transcript*?"

"Really," said Mr. Butler. "And it will be the *Transcript*."

"Oh, my!" said Sarah.

When they got home, Ma asked, "How did they like your dress?" and Sarah said, "Fine. Miss Winthrop liked it."

"And did you have a good time, Peter?"

"Strawberry shortcake is very good," said Peter.

"Strawberry shortcake! The strawberries, and the cream, and the cake too," Ma said. "It must have cost plenty."

"We had our pictures taken," said Peter. "It'll be in the *Transcript*."

"Just like in the old country, I suppose?" said Sarah.

Ma said, "A real Yankee all of a sudden."

The *Transcript* didn't come out on Sunday. Sarah could hardly wait until Monday. As soon as the papers came to the delicatessen, she asked Mr. Skolnick if she could look at the *Transcript*. He said, "So look

already." On the first page was the picture, and she and Peter came out wonderful. Peter even looked a little smiling. She said, "That's me in the paper."

Mr. Skolnick looked at the picture, then he looked at her. "So it's you," he said.

"Can I take the paper home and you collect from my father?" she asked.

"No credit," Mr. Skolnick said. Then he looked at her again and said, "So all right, already, take it."

Sarah ran all the way home to show her mother the picture. "Peter looks beautiful," Ma said.

"How about me?"

"You too." She began to read the paper out loud. "Cambridge Neighborhood House gives beach picnic for underprivileged children—" She stopped and looked at Sarah. "What do they mean, underprivileged children?"

"I don't know," Sarah said.

"Well, I do. They've got their nerve!"

When she showed it to Pa that night, he didn't say anything about nerve. All he said was, "So this is America? Then why did we leave the old country?"

"Old country, shmold country," Sarah said. "I'm sick'n'tired of it. What did you have there, anyway? Here at least we have a Constitution. Miss Winthrop got real mad at Mr. Butler, and it was all about the Constitution."

"So I'll go dance in the streets because they had a fight!" Ma said.

"Maybe you should," Sarah said.

Ma yelled, "American children!" the way she did whenever Sarah got too fresh: so Sarah jumped out of the way and ran out, saying, "Just the same, go dance in the streets. That's what I'm going to do."

Raymond of Pennafort: Bone Relic

"et per maris undas mirabiliter traduxisti . . ."

● David A. Locher

We dare approach your relic, this bone of arm
or foot precious in the Lord's way. We ponder:
was there magic manufacture in the cloak,
some Moorish dye of African herb, a touch
by holier hands than your hands, saint, toiling
over a Catalanian loom with unoled
fingers. Your sail caught wind from a bolder faith
in a fisherman making vessels of His
own design when time grows short, and the sea beats
on the buoyancy of other craft. You, God
sailed, sailor, can find us that special woven
stuff. Anchored in love we will be floated home.

Cyclone

● Jack Whiffen

Greyhounds are usually black or brown or tan or gold or cream or even white, but Cyclone was yellow. Yes sir, yellow, plain old ordinary everyday yellow. Program writers were always kind enough to list his color as gold, but he was yellow just the same. I don't mean he had a yellow streak, lacked courage. Far from it. He had more heart than any dog I ever trained. In fact, he had more of everything than any dog I ever trained. His tail and ears were too long, his feet were too big, his head and shoulders made you think of a baby buffalo, and he weighed sixty pounds when he was five months old.

I don't know who named him Cyclone, but it sure fit. You couldn't think of anything else when he played or worked or even rested. He could wreck a yard or kennel or race track, or a dream, in nothing flat, but unlike a cyclone, you loved him for it. He had a way of looking at you, his big brown eyes full of love — and mischief — that made you want to laugh or hug him, no matter what he had done. And if you did laugh or hug him, he would bound away and wreck something else.

I'll never forget the first time I saw him. He was dragging his mistress toward me. She was supposed to be leading him, but they were on opposite ends of a leash, leaning away from each other and staging a beautiful tug of war. When he saw me, he lunged forward. That jerked the leash out of her hand and she sat down — uncomfortably. I side-

stepped, grabbed his collar, jerked up until his forefeet were off the ground to make sure he stayed put, and then looked at the girl. "Are you all right?" I asked. It was a silly question, I know, but what else could I say under the circumstances.

"I think so." She scrambled to her feet, laughing to hide her embarrassment. "But, gollee, am I a mess!" And she began to brush her skirt. "And I'm due at an audition in half an hour!" Mess? If she were a mess, I sure didn't know the meaning of the word. Her blonde curls and blue eyes and graceful curves made me mighty glad I was still a bachelor.

"Don't worry about your skirt," I said. "It's just clean sand, and I have a whisk broom in the tac room." I forced Cyclone into an empty kennel and led the way to my office. There, while she brushed away the 'mess' I asked, "Now, how can I help you?"

She twisted around to make sure her skirt was sandless and then faced me. There was an anxious look in her eyes when she said, "Do you think you could sell my dog?" She fished some papers out of her purse. "His parents were quite famous and he's registered. See?" I scanned the registration slip and found that Cyclone was indeed a blue blood — and that his present owner's name was Gladys Carter.

"Has he had any training?" I asked.

"I don't belong to the doggy set, but I'd say no," she answered. "My aunt in California gave him to me

four months ago, and promised to keep him until I got located. At that time he was the cutest little darling you ever saw, and so when I finally found a landlady who permitted pets, I sent for him. But, gollee, I almost fainted when I saw him. My aunt neglected to mention it and I never dreamed he would grow up to eat like a pig, pull like a mule, and be the color of a cheese omelet." She laughed. "Can you imagine what it would be like living with him in a one-room apartment?"

"It'd be hectic, that's for sure," I said. "But why sell him? Why not let me board and train and race him? The training would double his value, and if he happened to win a race in the meantime, that would earn you two or three times his value untrained."

"I — I don't know," she said thoughtfully. "I'm trying to become an actress and — and —" Then she made up her mind. "How much would it cost me?" she asked.

"Just his board. And you'd have to pay that anyway. I'll do the training for a percentage of what he wins."

"Then you really think he might win a race?" A gleam of excitement brightened her eyes.

"Sure. If he's half as good as his daddy, he'll win lots of 'em."

"Well, like you say, I'd have to pay for his keep anyway; so, how much do I owe you?" I told her and she paid two weeks in advance and then left. She acted as though she was afraid she had made a mistake and wanted to escape before she had a chance to correct it. That made me want to kick myself. I shouldn't have been so optimistic about Cyclone's chances of winning a purse. It might take him months to do it, even a

year, and maybe she couldn't afford to board him that long. But there was no use in worrying about that now. My only chance was to make Cyclone win.

So I made a stretch-run for his kennel. No use in delaying matters. I found him alternately growling at the locked gate and trying to dig under it. When he saw me, he backed off, cocked his head sideways, and let out a long, plaintive howl. I wasn't sure whether he was fussing about his incarceration or my appearance. "Come on, Lemon Head," I laughed, "we got rabbits to chase." After a minor skirmish, I managed to get a lead harness on him, and on the way to the training track I gave him a lesson in heeling.

And that's where I learned that Cyclone was a juvenile prodigy, a regular canine Solomon. A lead harness is as comfortable as an old shoe, until the dog begins to pull. Then it becomes as miserable as a new tight one. It takes most dogs three or four days to learn this, but Cyclone solved the problem in just three tugs. After that, he padded along beside me like a show dog on parade.

At the training oval, he amazed me again. In spite of his overweight and inexperience, he could run — fast. Champions tour the oval in twenty-seven or -eight, also-rans in thirty-three or -four, and Cyclone's first time trial showed thirty-one. I was so happy I couldn't keep from hugging him — and thinking of Gladys. This would show her I knew my dogs, and I imagined how pretty she would look when I told her the good news and gave her the first purse. And, believe me, the picture I conjured up was a dream.

Teaching a greyhound to chase a rabbit is no problem. He does it in-

stinctively. But teaching him to hug the rail on the curves, stay out of speed jams, and to want to win is another matter. And it was a real headache with Cyclone. Oh, he soon learned what I wanted him to do, but he didn't want to do it. There wasn't enough fun in just outrunning the competition. He had to add flourishes. His favorite stunt was to bull his way through the pack, using his great weight to shoulder dogs aside, and if he knocked over a few, it was all the better. And then, when he had running room, likely as not he'd slow up, let the field pass him, and then try it all over again.

After two weeks of this, we had every trainer on the track growling at us. "Why don't you cut down on that yellow elephant's rations!" the starter said to me one morning after Cyclone had been particularly obnoxious. "Make him so hungry he can't think about anything except rabbit, and he'll soon forget his nonsense."

"I guess I'll have to," I said, but I knew I wouldn't. I can't stand to be around hungry animals. They give you such accusing looks at mealtime. And besides, it doesn't always work. Sometimes it makes a dog sulk, and I was sure that would be the case with Cyclone. He trusted me and he would resent any failure on my part.

But I had to do something, and I finally decided on a plan most public trainers shun. I would make Cyclone like me so much, his one desire would be to please me. It's a good plan when you're working with your own dog, but not so ethical otherwise. A dog's love belongs to its owner. But I wasn't worried. I was sure Gladys would agree. She didn't want to make a pet of Cyclone — she wanted to sell him. And she needed

money. To make sure, I 'phoned her about it. "Go ahead," she said. "Maybe he has enough love for both of us."

And so I went to work. It was an easy, pleasant job. Every afternoon I took him out for an hour's romp. We played with the ball and wrestled, and after awhile I began to teach him a few tricks. I made them simple because I wanted a chance to praise him, and he certainly gave me plenty of chances. He learned to sit up, stand on his hind legs, speak, count fingers, and play leapfrog in record time. And the petting I gave him after each accomplishment pleased him so much he would go through his repertoire every time he thought I was unhappy. He would always end the show with a game of leapfrog, and if I didn't bend over to let him jump over me, he would glare at me and growl as if he wanted to say, "Okay, Bub, don't crab my act!"

He liked the jumping acts the best. He liked them so much they soon became embarrassing. I had to go around with my head in the air to keep him from thinking I was signaling a jump. But I was happy. I was making headway. He was doing better on his time trials and hugging the rail more, and most of the time he avoided speed jams. He still hadn't learned that I wanted him to win the practice races, but that would come.

Two more weeks of intensive training — and play — and a good clean win at the practice track made me sure he was ready for his first race. So I entered him in a Maiden Spring for pups and called up Gladys. "This is it," I said. "Don't you want to come out and watch your cheese omelet scramble things?"

"I wouldn't miss it for the world," she answered. That evening, while we

had dinner in the clubhouse, I gave her what I considered an honest opinion of Cyclone's chances.

"He can win if he wants to," I declared, "and his desire to win depends on how much I've made him like me."

She gave me a dazzling smile. "In that case, he's a cinch," she said, "for anybody can see he adores you." And I wished she were talking about herself instead of her dog. I found her a good spot in the clubhouse and then went to lead Cyclone to the post. He greeted me with a joyous yip, and when he saw my worried expression, he started through his list of stunts. And I had to let him finish. I didn't want to yell at him that night. During the parade past the grandstand, he trotted along like a veteran, and when I stuffed him into the starting box I patted his head and whispered, "I'll see you at the finish line, Lemon Head." And darned if it didn't seem he nodded yes.

They were off before I could get back to Gladys, and, like so many pup races, it was a poor start. Half the field was left at the post, but Cyclone wasn't tardy. Around the first turn he was ten lengths in the lead, and when I finally found Gladys, she was jumping up and down and yelling like a Comanche. But suddenly she stopped right in the middle of a yell. Half-way down the back stretch, Cyclone discovered he was all alone. He slowed up and looked back. Then he pulled away from the rail and trotted, yes, trotted along until every doggone dog in the race had passed him.

Gladys clutched my arm. "What happened?" She all but sobbed.

"I don't know," I muttered, my eyes glued on Cyclone. He was chasing the field now, nipping at the heels

of the stragglers through his muzzle, urging them on with yips and growls but carefully staying absolutely last. And that's where he was when he loped across the finish line, his ears and tail flopping and his tongue hanging out the side of his mouth.

There was a desperate look in Gladys' eyes when she forced a smile and said, "Maybe he got tired."

"Tired nothing; that mustard plaster wasn't even panting." And I stalked off to the receiving ring to retrieve the big ox. The rest of the trainers were already there and, to a man, they razzed me about the 'herding service' Cyclone had performed. And that son of a biscuit-snatcher was acting like a Derby winner. He strutted up to me, his head up, his tail gently waving, and when I stooped to fasten on his leash, he took the action as a signal to jump. And jump he did, clear over me. Everybody in the stands saw his performance, and he received more of an ovation than the winner. I hustled him out of the receiving ring, but not fast enough to escape the patrol judge's edict.

"Don't enter that kangaroo until he's had more schooling, Jack. The public comes out here to bet on racing hounds, not cheap dogs." I didn't see Gladys around anywhere, so I went back to the kennels and stayed there. I'd had enough racing for that night. I shoved Cyclone into his kennel and sat down to think. What on earth was I going to do with the big lovable misfit? He had everything it takes to make a champion: speed, savvy, heart, weight, but he didn't want to chase rabbits, something he should do instinctively. Did that mean there was something wrong with him? I couldn't believe it. He was too smart, and maybe I was feeding him too

much. I couldn't understand it.

Way off across the infield I could hear the subdued roar of the crowd, the blare of the band and, closer, another sound, a plaintive whining. It was Cyclone. He was crying like a puppy that had just lost its mother. I went back to his kennel and found him huddled at its gate, his long, cold nose pressed against the wire netting. When he saw me, his whine changed to a happy bark. He bounded to his feet and began to go through his tricks. "Come here, you big ape," I called, brushing a tear from my eye. "It's not your fault. It's mine. I know you want to please me, but I'm just too stupid to teach you how to do it." I patted his head and added, "But we'll make it, Lemon Head. I don't know how, but we'll do it anyway."

The next morning I felt better. This wasn't the first race I had lost and it wouldn't be the last one. I had sent lots of winners to the post, and few of them were as fast as Cyclone. I felt even better when Gladys showed up about halfway through the play period. She gave me a big smile and apologized for disappearing the night before. "I'm a sob sister," she admitted ruefully, "and I didn't want you to see me in tears. I was afraid you might think I blamed you for what happened."

"You should blame me," I said. "I talked you into this mess."

"Mess! What mess?" She laughed and then hurried on. "I don't know much about dog racing, but I do know you can't expect to win every time. Now, tell me, how's our play-boy doing this morning?" And she gave Cyclone a loving pat.

I handed her a record of that day's time trials: 30.4 and a sizzling 29. "And last night's scramble was won

in thirty-two," I said mournfully.

"Then why the long face!" she exclaimed. "With time like that, he's sure to win his next race." I nodded and then went back to work with Cyclone. Gladys got a kick out of watching us. She especially liked the jumps.

"What a pity they don't have hurdle races for dogs," she laughed.

"They do have them sometimes," I explained, reaching for a ball that Cyclone had just dropped at my feet. He mistook the action for a signal to jump, and I straightened up to find him sailing toward me. It was too late to duck or side-step or even brace myself, so he hit me right in the middle of my T-shirt. And I hit the dust — hard.

When I regained my breath, Gladys was still laughing, and Cyclone was sitting a few feet away grinning at me. And don't tell me a dog can't grin. He had his head cocked sideways, his tongue lolling out, and his eyes seemed to say, "Why didn't you duck, Bub? You know the trick better than I do."

I slowly picked myself up. I had a few choice remarks to make to old Buttercup, but Gladys changed my mind. "That's the best dog trick I ever saw," she giggled. "How in the world did you ever dream it up?"

"It's Lemon Head's idea, not mine," I muttered, scratching his ear. I forgot about the choice remarks. If Gladys liked the trick, it was okay by me. After that, we fooled around some more. Then I locked up Cyclone and took Gladys to dinner. During the meal she said something about paying the board bill in a few days, and I suggested, "Why not take it out of the first purse he wins?" She wouldn't hear of that but finally agreed when I told her it was com-

mon practice around a dog track. Of course, that was almost a fib. Few trainers will take a green pup on a share basis. But what else could I do? She couldn't afford to board Cyclone for months and, besides, it was worth it. The smile she gave me when we made the agreement sent me home feeling like a long-shot player with a million-dollar ticket to cash.

After that, she came out to watch Cyclone and me go through our act two or three times every week, and believe me we soon got so good we could stage quite an extravaganza. Gladys still thought the knockdown stunt was a part of the show, so it had to be repeated at every performance. I didn't mind so long as I could make sure I had a soft place to land. And we did not neglect the real business of racing either. We showed up at the training oval every morning, and Cyclone never failed to tour the course in under thirty. I used a little psychology on the old boy. He loved the play periods, and so I cut them short the days he lost his practice race and made them extra long the days he won. And it seemed to work. At the last he was trying to win every time he went to the post. So I decided to try a race again.

This time I skipped the low-priced novice races. They wouldn't do Gladys any good even if we won. Her share of the purse wouldn't pay Cyclone's board and training bill. Instead, I entered our yellow menace in an overnight stake race, with a purse of \$5,000. And to make sure he was hungry for rabbit meat, I halved his rations the day before the race. When I told Gladys all of this, she gasped. "Collee, that would be \$2500 for me!" She studied the time charts in the program a few minutes

and then exclaimed. "And he looks like a cinch. He's half a second faster than anything in there!"

"There's no such thing as a cinch in racing," I warned.

"I know, I know, but he's fifty to one and — I'm going to bet on him." And she dashed for the mutual windows before I could stop her. I didn't want her to bet. She couldn't afford to lose. Of course, it did look as though old Lemon Head could win this heat on three legs, and fifty to one is mighty nice odds, but who could say he felt like winning? I knew I couldn't.

He did look good, though, when I went to muzzle him for the parade past the stands. He greeted me with thumping tail and a confident look, and it took a sharp no to keep him from jumping over me or at me when I leashed him. He had Number One post position, which meant we led the march, and he pranced along like a toe-dancer, his head and tail high, and his eager eyes taking in everything. His mouth was open in a broad grin, and he was actually strutting when we passed the crowd along the rail. He was acting so cocky that I got the fever and did a little strutting myself.

He backed into the starting box with all the poise of a seasoned campaigner, returned my pat on his head with another confident look, and when I closed the glass door of the box, he crouched, ready to spring out the second it opened. I hurried back to join Gladys by the rail. She had a bad case of big-bet jitters. Her program was twisted into a rope, and she was chewing on her pencil.

"Cyclone looked so good in the parade I bought another ticket on him," she confided. "You — you do think he'll win, don't you?" My an-

swer was lost in the race track's time-honored roar, "They're off!" It was a good start, but Cyclone was unlucky. The Number Two dog cut for the rail too soon and bumped him. This knocked him off his stride and before he could regain it, the entire field was bunched just ahead of him. He raced there a few steps, and then he leaped high into the air and forward. For a breathless second I thought he was going to jump clear over the leaders, and he almost did it too — but not quite. He landed right in the middle of them. Four dogs were knocked sprawling and three more plowed into the kicking, growling scramble.

But Cyclone lit, running. One more jump and he was free of the mess. Now just one dog was in front of him, the favorite, and he was gaining on it with every step. Halfway down the home stretch, he overtook it. Just a few more leaps and he would have the lead. But Old Lemon Head didn't want it that way. As I said before, he had to add flourishes. When he was almost abreast of the leader, he suddenly lunged at it. His big shoulders crashed into its ribs and it went down kicking. Then he loped across the finishing line, an easy winner.

Gladys threw her arms around me and cried, "We won, we won!" But I wasn't too sure. The crowd was booing, and every trainer in the race was charging the judges' stand. When I entered the receiving ring, the boos increased. Cyclone gave me the only friendly greeting I received. He was strutting around the ring like a bull pup spoiling for a fight. When he saw me, he reared up on his hind legs and balanced there a few seconds. Then he tried to switch ends . . . but he didn't do it too well. His hopeless efforts to keep his hind legs in

the air looked so ludicrous that even the angry crowd had to laugh.

I snapped his leash in place, jerked him to a more dignified position, and headed for the winner's circle. But a calm voice over the P.A. system stopped me. "Ladies and gentlemen," it announced, "a claim of foul has been lodged against the winner of this race, and after an inquiry, the judges have allowed the claim. That makes the result read, Number Seven, the winner, Number Five, second, and Two, is third. Number One, Cyclone, was placed last."

I wasn't surprised. They might have overlooked the fracas just after the start. There's no rule against a dog hurdling because generally he can run faster than he can jump, but there was no excuse for what happened in the stretch. Dejectedly, I headed for the kennels but I wasn't to escape that easy. The chief steward stopped me, and my heart was hammering like sixty when he said, "That dog has been ruled off the track and your license revoked until the Racing Commission can look into this. Some of the boys say you deliberately trained Cyclone to — jump and butt."

I didn't argue with him. There was no use. He has more power than a baseball umpire. I just nodded and led Cyclone away. It's funny about dogs. Most of the time they don't understand what you say, but they always know how you feel. And old Carrot Tail began to wilt before the steward was half through. His gloom increased on the way back to the kennel. Every now and then he would look up at me and whine, or brush against my leg, his tail twitching hopefully. And once more I had to assure him it wasn't his fault. He had just done what I taught him to do — only he had done it at the wrong

time. A very bad fault.

After bedding down the playboy, I went back to the clubhouse to look for Gladys. And this time she had not disappeared. I found her on a bench by herself, making confetti out of mutual tickets. "Jack," she said, "I'm sorry, but we can't go on like this. I can't afford it. So — I want you to sell Cyclone."

"Okay." I was too discouraged to say any more. How could I tell her about the pending investigation and that it would make selling Cyclone impossible. Nobody would buy a dog that had been ruled off the track, and so had no earning potential. Nobody, that is, except me. I would buy him. I had to. I didn't know what I'd do with him, but buy him I would. I couldn't think of giving up the big, lovable, yellow elephant. I loved him too much. And besides, I couldn't let Gladys pay for my training blunders.

We didn't talk much on the way to her apartment. We were too blue. I was wondering what I would do if the investigation went against me — if I lost my license permanently. The prospect wasn't pretty. And I was wondering what I'd do if I cleared myself. And that prospect wasn't pretty either. Few people would trust their dogs to a public trainer who had been accused of improper training methods. And Gladys? Well, her thoughts were ugly, too. I could tell from her frown and the way she was twisting her purse. Most likely she was dreaming about the three thousand dollars she had won and then had snatched away from her.

The next morning I was up bright and early. I had a lot of unpleasant things to do and I wanted to get them behind me fast. First, I had to notify the people I was training for that my

license had been revoked and then transfer their dogs to other public trainers. This job took most of the morning and all my courage. After that, I went to the racing secretary's office and surrendered my papers. And that took my pride. He was a good guy, though, and tried to cheer me up. "You'll beat this all right," he said. "Miss Carter was in this morning, and she isn't going to appear against you. And she's got more of a complaint than anyone. She wants to sell Cyclone, but I told her—"

"Cyclone's already sold," I snapped. So Gladys knew everything. Well, no matter. She'd have to learn sooner or later anyhow.

"Sold!" the secretary exclaimed. "Who was sap enough to buy him?"

"I bought him, or will, just as soon as I can see Miss Carter."

"Don't be a fool, Jack. When you interrupted me, I was about to tell you what I told Miss Carter. That dog shouldn't be sold. It should be destroyed. It's insane! It doesn't follow its instincts. It won't even try to win when it's got the race in the bag. It must hate dogs, and that hate could turn against people when it grows up."

I rushed out of his office. I couldn't listen to any more of that talk. Insane, my eye. If Cyclone's insane, we're all crazy. Love motivated everything he did. I hurried back to my kennels, anxious to pick up my things, and Cyclone, and get away from there. I was so mad when I entered the tac room, I could have done a little butting myself. And then I stopped short. Gladys was there, sitting on the floor, with her arms around the dog. She was crying, and old Lemon Head was doing his best to comfort her, in the only way he knew how. He was 'kissing' the pow-

der off her cheek with his long rough tongue.

She struggled to her feet, blushing. "I found him howling like a lost soul," she explained, dabbing at her eyes and smiling apologetically, and I was just trying to tell him why you didn't take him out this morning."

"I suppose the secertary told you everything?" I muttered.

"Yes." She dabbed at her eyes again and then gave up. She couldn't hide her tears any longer. "Oh, Jack, what are we going to do? We can't race Cyclone and we can't sell him—"

"But he is sold. I—"

"He is not sold," she cried. "I won't sell him. I can't sell him. I love him too much. I love him as much as you do, even if the big clown has just about ruined both of us."

I caught my breath. "What did you say?" I gasped.

"I said I love the big clown as much as you do. He brought me—"

"Clown? Clown! That's it!" I cried. "He's a clown, a show-off, a circus dog. And you're an actress." I caught her in my arms. "Oh, honey, can't you see? He's a show dog and you're an actress. Why, with just a little more practice, we've got the best act in show business."

She slipped her arms around my neck and when our lips met in a long kiss, old Lemon Head's tail began to thump the floor. I looked at him over her shoulder, and this time he wasn't grinning — he was smiling at me.

Well, that's about all there is to tell. Gladys and I were married two weeks later, and we are now the leading attraction in the biggest circus in the country. We're billed as THE DANCING JACKS AND THEIR HIGH JUMPING CHAMPION, CYCLONE. And old Lemon Head loves every minute of it. Just as I thought — he's a real ham.

Wedge

● Charles B. Tinkham

The sky that day grew into stormy twilight:
Leaves ragged down paths, and oaks,
Giving wintry creak, made our bones feel
Wooden-hinged. Rain came in an icy deluge
Through the trees and whipped
Like branches against the face. The sky
Settled lower, and left the sun to set
On a deserted, seething land of cloud.
Water made sod of the shoe, and molded
Plaster casts of clothes coldly
Around us. Until we put our cold hands
Together, and our hearts kindling, we gathered
Round them and warmed ourselves
From the inside out. We walked home
Laughing through the autumn heart-wedge of rain.

Communication

● Mother Mary Anthony, S.H.C.J.

This string of reticences, rather like
A good day's catch suspended mouth-and-gill
And glinting--dead and streamlined beauty still
In scale and curve, tint and marking--may strike
Observers odd. People collect such strange
Things. Ice or salt for secrets is preferred
Sometimes to speech. Mistakenly? The word
Alive can limit or extend its range
To cloak or strip, dispel or recreate,
Chisel, engrave, broad brush stroke; can translate
In soul and body talk; like sudden spike
Of crocus, pierce through leaf mould with the thrill
Of spring unburied; or encyst lest change
Intrude, like grains-in-waiting uninterred.

No Moving Finger Writes

● Katherine Gorman

Lanterned shapes of kings and kine, a gnarled
old man, a mother and her rosy child,
swaddled sweet-tongued in her homespun shawl;
the donkey rests, the grudging landlord hushed.
Uncounted grandeurs bloom in her serene
unknowing face, arranging her summer hair
before the winter's rage.

No tinct or token blurs the alleluia sky,
no ruin of a tree omens this hay-strewn stall.

In the hourglass race between the boy and man
a thornbush roots, and Chanticleer quakes to his beak
and claw, as orchards redden for the brew.
The lash droops from the nail
and the terrible anvil hammers out the pike.
But now no moving finger writes, and radiance
carpets every crevice of this place.

A Cup of Coffee

• Thomas J. McCauley

An outgoing artillery round ripped through the silence of early winter morning; seconds later, some fifty yards in front of what once had been a huge edifice, a candle-sized flame flickered and disappeared in a dense cloud of heavy white smoke.

"It's started!" Joe Kenney said, pointing towards the rising cloud of smoke. He rubbed his eyes, stood tall in the trench, and peered at the ruins in the valley. His watch in the point machine gun position ended each day at dawn, but he waited to see the barrage. He shifted uneasily in his cumbersome winter gear: he seemed heavier than one-sixty, older than eighteen. "It's started, Sam!" he said again. "They just marked it with white phosphorus?" He lighted the small gas stove on the parapet in front of him. "Get the coffee, Sam. Put it on!"

Sam Brill emerged from a bunker at the other end of the trench. He held a tincanful of water in each hand. "Here it is, boy," he said, not looking up; he placed the cans upon the stove. He stood up: he was taller than Kenney, heavier. Sam looked into the valley. "Now it's up to the artillery to time it for us."

"Any reason for this, Sam?" Joe asked, "I mean all these early morning barrages. Any other reason than to time our coffee?"

"You mean strategical? . . . I don't know," Sam replied. He placed his steel helmet on the edge of the trench, poured water into it, splashed his face, and continued, "Maybe Intelli-

gence thinks we can be observed from there. Maybe we can. I doubt it, but who am I to doubt anything?"

"Maybe they want a workout back at artillery."

"Maybe. It gets pretty dull back there sometimes."

"Pretty dull back *there!*" Joe said, hoisting himself onto the parapet from where he could more easily see the ruins. "What about here? I've been here over a week now. A whole week and nothing's happened! I'm getting pretty bored myself. That's why I like to have last watch: I look forward to these barrages to break the monotony. This is the only thing I've seen so far that's close to what I expected."

"What you expect?"

"Well . . ." Joe's face grew warm.

"A . . . a war . . ."

"Don't push it, kid," Sam said, then dried his face. "A week's not long for a front to be quiet. Things'll get hot soon enough. When they do, you'll pray for a little monotony." He added a little water to the coffee, pouring carefully, almost meticulously — an artist at work.

In the valley where the round exploded, the cloud of smoke was rising straight into the air, becoming wider and less dense as it rose. Joe watched the billowing pillar until another round sounded overhead. He flinched automatically, then smiled self-consciously, as this round burst some fifty yards behind the ruins.

"There goes the second one, Sam! Another Willie-Peter!" Joe said, not

taking his eyes from the valley. "Put the makin's in!"

"Right!" Sam said. He tore open five packets of instant coffee, bent over the tins, and emptied the contents of two of the packets into the can which was to be Joe's and three into the can which was to be his. Then he hoisted himself onto the parapet. "Uh-huh," he muttered, looking at the new cloud of smoke, "they're bracketing it. The next one'll be on target."

"What is it, Sam, the ruins down there?" Joe asked, hooking a thumb in the general direction of the valley. The huge chunks of debris surrounding the high gutted walls and the size of the walls, though now gnawed by weeks and months of artillery barrages, were still impressive in appearance.

"Somebody said he thought he heard the interpreter say something about it being some kind of church or Shinto shrine or something." Sam shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know. I wasn't paying much attention to what he said. One thing sure: whatever it was, it's mincemeat now."

"Yeah . . ." Joe said. He remained silent for a while. "Might have been a church, huh? . . . And they even hit it at night. I see the flashes out there at night. Almost every hour they hit it."

"That's the enemy, kid; it's their church now."

"They don't go to any church."

"Well, I don't know anything about that, kid, but—" Sam's words were drowned, as he clapped a handful of water against his face and rubbed vigorously. "Ahhhhh! That'll wake me up," he said, glancing again towards the valley. "Yeah, whatever the reason, it's still in the line of fire." His attention returned to the coffee.

"Yeah, as long as it's in the line of fire, we can't be thinking of it as a church."

"Yeah, I know all that, Sam, but still—" Joe Kenney caught and held his breath. A third round twirled through the air over his head. It was a direct hit, and a third cloud, almost equidistant from the other two, rose amid the ruins. Kenney bit his lip. "And it's gotta be us that's doing it. We're the ones that believe in God — not them." He motioned vaguely at the trenchline far across the valley. "It's got to be us."

"I know, kid, but that's how it is."

"You know what I mean, Sam, don't you? I mean I came over here figuring this was pretty close to what the Old Crusades in Europe were. Yeah, that's why I enlisted . . . one reason anyway. One of the *main* reasons. I wanted to be a . . . a . . ." He lost his voice for a moment, before he said, "You know what I mean, don't you, Sam? Don't you? It's practically the same set-up, isn't it?"

Sam Brill looked down at the ground at his feet. "I never looked at it that way, kid . . . at least not for a long time. I . . . I don't think I could . . . anymore." He looked at Kenney. "I hope you can . . . oh, say, six or seven months from now." His eyes quickly turned away, and he looked into the valley at the ruins and shook his head.

"If it were only a shipyard or a depot or something like that," Kenney said, very softly, as if he were not speaking at all but thinking aloud. "If only it wasn't a church. I didn't come over here to wreck churches."

"That's not the way to look at it."

"What other way is there?"

"Look at it this way: the Crusad-

ers you were talking about a minute ago, they must have caved a few churches in on their push. It's all the way—" Sam flinched automatically; a sudden barrage of artillery rounds roared overhead. Smiling self-consciously, he straightened himself again. In the valley, a twenty or thirty-round battery for effect burst on target, smothering the ruins with flashes of fire and rumbling and then a dense cloud of white smoke. Joe watched the phosphorus cloud rise above the ruins.

"Hey," Sam said, picking the two tins of coffee from the stove. "Coffee's done, kid."

"Huh?" Joe said, turning. He took his can and tasted it. "Yow!" he blurted, yanking the can from his lips. "Hot! Too hot for me." He set the can next to his helmet, which lay on the parapet, and then looked towards the valley. "I guess you're right, Sam, there's nothing we can do about it."

Sam nodded and they both stared into the valley for a moment; Sam disappeared suddenly into the bunker and reappeared almost immediately with his rifle.

"What's the matter, Sam?"

"Down there," Sam said, pointing, "see it? About halfway down the trail. Somebody coming in."

Because of the glare of the snow, Kenney squinted and, at first, could see nothing moving; then he saw him. A man appeared, slowly moving far beyond the barbed wire about halfway between the valley floor and the ridgeline and walking stiff-legged like a robot, following the winding trail which snaked through the no man's land, taking each step deliberately, carefully testing the earth in front of him before placing his weight upon it, as if in fear of mines.

"On the phone, kid. Tell the CP!" Brill snapped. He did not aim his rifle, nor did he work a round into the chamber; he merely held his piece at the ready, calmly. "Get Mister Higgins and Murdock out here."

Kenney called the CP and reported to the platoon sergeant and the platoon leader, then raced again into the trench. The man coming in was closer now and could be seen more clearly. "He's the first one I've seen, Sam" Kenney said, excitedly, "the first enemy I mean."

"He was an enemy, kid. Now, by the looks of it, he's a traitor." Sam snorted and spat across the parapet. "You can respect enemies but not traitors. He's buggin' out on his own people."

"Maybe he's got a good reason to bug out. He must've, Sam, or he wouldn't do it." He also held his rifle at the ready, but he felt awkward. The man seemed so harmless; he seemed to want to surrender. He was walking slowly, so slowly that he must have been huddled overnight somewhere in the no man's land against the cold and the darkness and the fear of being alone. He could not have hidden within the ruins because of the intermittent shelling; so he must have remained in the open on the snow, yet avoiding patrols of both sides, while awaiting dawn to come in to surrender. There was no doubt: he was a traitor; nevertheless, it must have been hard for him — lying there in the darkness and shivering in the biting night air — not to turn back and return to his own people but to continue coming in towards his enemies' lines to surrender. "He must have had a good reason, Sam."

"There's no good reason to bug out, kid."

The platoon leader and the platoon sergeant appeared on the skyline behind the point trench. "What've we got, Sam?"

"Out there, Mister Higgins." Sam pointed towards the man. "He's tosin' it in."

Mister Higgins and Murdock eased themselves into the trench, and Murdock, cupping his hands, snapped, "Machine guns! Out here!"

From the bunker at the other end of the trenchline, a machine gunner and his assistant got into their position and manned their light-thirty which was already aimed down the trail, aimed at the man coming in, who reached the barbed wire and appeared to be weak as he halted. He stood there, helpless: a bell-ringing leper at a city wall. His hands were half-raised and he held a safe-conduct pass. He waved it and held it in front of his face, as if it were a deathproofed shield.

The assistant machine gunner cranked his piece twice.

"Wait'll he turns his head," the assistant gunner said, holding one finger up; "then put it in his ear. One round. If you don't put it in his ear, I get a shot."

"The hell with his ear!" the gunner said, making a cutting motion with his hand. "If I chop him full automatic at the ankles, he'll flip right into the line of fire." He placed his eye close to the sight.

"You get my can of fruit if you put one in his ear."

"The hell with his—"

"Knock it off over there!" Mister Higgins said. Then he glanced at the man at the wire. "He might have interrogation value."

The man started across the wire, straining his every movement, holding the pass shoulder high, and try-

ing to hold it higher but, slipping, fell into the barbs. He did not crumple the paper in his hand, as a falling man should, and he lay there motionless for a moment, as if dead; then he moved, slowly, at first, then faster but still more slowly than normally. Floundering, he seemed lost and drowning in the snow. His legs were still and he groped clumsily with his outstretched arms, seemingly grasping for a support not there. He thrust his face forward and stared at his enemies at the top of the hill. His mouth open and closed . . . open and closed and said nothing.

Mister Higgins turned to Kenney. "Get him up here or we'll be here all day!" He looked around the trench. "You! Malzone! You go with him!"

Kenney set his rifle down alongside the bunker and, along with Malzone, a burly Browning Automatic Rifleman, went to the man at the wire. He placed his foot upon the wire and jammed it down. "Here," he said, reaching across the wire, "give me your arm."

"That ain't the way to do it, kid!" Malzone edged him aside. "C'mon, Gooneybird!" He grabbed the man by the shoulders and pulled him across the wire and dragged him up the hill, then tossed him headfirst into the trench. The man went into the trench as if he were a comic diver at a seashore resort, then rolled to a sitting position, and began to weave back and forth, muttering a sing-song wheeze. Malzone jumped into the trench behind the man and yanked him to his feet. The man stood unsteadily and bent forward, as if his stomach pained. He wore a white-quilted uniform and a fur cap. His feet were no longer flesh and bone but blocks of ice wrapped

in cheap sneakers. His trousers, ripped up both legs, were very thin. His legs were a rotten color almost to the knees.

Malzone snatched the man's cap. "Hey! This'll bring a good price in the rear!"

The reddish gloss of frostbite infected the man's ears, nose, and cheeks, and on his chin a sparse goatee was a triangular icicle.

"Say *cheeze*, Celebrity!" the assistant machine gunner said and snapped a picture of the man. Some of the others also began to snap pictures. The man looked at the cameras as if they were instruments of torture and groaned when a flash-bulb flared.

"What's he got in his pockets?" the machine gunner asked and searched the man's pockets. Except for a single copper coin with a hole through its middle, his pockets were empty. "What the hell!" the machine gunner said, pocketing the coin, "It's better than nothing, and he ain't gonna be buyin' nothin' where he's goin'."

By then a large group was gathered around the point bunker. Some stood back and made witty or insulting remarks; others merely remained silent. They stood watching, some with their hands in their pockets; others with their hands on their hips, as if they were home standing on a street-corner watching the police with a Satur-

day night drunk.

"Get him out of here!" Mister Higgins spat the words as if he were disgusted with the man or the scene or himself or everything in general. "Malzone! Take him back to battalion!"

The group around the point dispersed until only Brill and Kenney were left. They did not speak for a few moments. Instead they looked beyond the barbed wire at the ruins far down in the valley. Then Brill picked up a tincanful of coffee. "Here, kid, drink your coffee."

Kenney took the can and tasted the coffee: "Phffftoo!" He spat it out, staining the snow a dark brown. "Forgot the sugar."

"I'll get some."

"It's too cold now anyhow."

"Reheat it," Brill said. Kenney made it hot and then discovered that there was no more sugar; so he drank it straight, and it left a bitter taste in his mouth.

Down in the valley another round of white phosphorus burst in front of the ruins.

"Hey, Joe!" Sam Brill said, pointing at the rising puff of smoke, "they're starting to zero in again!" He lighted the gas stove. "Want another cup?" He started to fill Kenney's tincan.

But the bad taste was still in Kenney's mouth, and he wanted no more of it.



Phonograph

● Alfred Hills

Silently it sits
In shadow, mute,
Veneer
Reflecting dimly
In the softened lampshade light.

I turn a switch,
And in conjunction with a tumbling mass of water,
Spinning steel, electrophysics,
Tubes of finest tolerance,
The genius of an orchestra in France
Enhances Berlioz,
The fire of his genius glowing twice;
Once alive,
And through this time machine
Alive again.

Over Nevada

● George Herman

Strange that alone, above this desert land,
I whisper to you well, words that are old
Beyond the age of roads, of tawny strand
Wandering among the hills, of highway bold
As the dark line of will; whisper you well
These ancient shapes of love, as fresh as earth.
Strange that divided for so brief a spell
From all this silent land, I feel its worth
And link my sense of it with sense of you,
As if, beside me, resting in my thought
And sharing in my sight, you shared my view.
Behold this quiet splendor, iron wrought,
Of molten lava, ice and salt and sand;
Behold you near me, lovely as the land!

Contributors

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